# THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

## Weekly Intelligence

*IN THE CIVIL, NATURAL, MORAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS WORLDS.*

CALCULATED PARTICULARLY FOR THE PERUSAL OF THE YOUNG, AND THOSE OF RETIRED HABITS OF LIFE.

PUBLISHED INDEPENDENTLY OF ANY INTERESTED PARTY ATTACHMENT, AND WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE PRINCIPLES OF TRUTH AND PURITY.

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FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

FINDING that some of your readers have misapprehended the object which you must have had in view, in publishing the extracts from Drayton's View, on the subject of *negro slavery*, I have subjected myself to the task of animadverting on those arguments, which may be considered as being equally valid, as any that have been brought in justification of that practice. They, nevertheless *to me*, seem to carry their own confutation with them;—and so doubtless, you conceived, that it would be understood. Some remarks may however, be made by way of erecting a battery to demolish what is already tottering of itself.

In answer to the plea, that the owners of slaves in this country have a legal right to them, as property secured by the constitution of the state, and of the United States, which acknowledging this right, place that species of property, as it is said, beyond the reach of the laws to alter, without the owner's consent, or a suitable compensation—it may be said, that the *legal* right, and the *moral*, may differ. If the law have unjustly acknowledged a right that cannot be supported upon the broad basis of equity, *that law* however barricaded by forms, is not only repealable, but ought to be repealed. And this is principally the plain fact. And the only valid argument that can apparently be urged against the immediate and universal emancipation of the slaves, by the same legal interposition, is, not the illegality of the step, but the dangers resulting from hasty change,—the consequent confusion in the social relations, that must ensue.

The sarcasms heaped upon the people of the northern states, for the interest they have taken in the cause of emancipation, and above all, in discouraging *the slave trade*, and the further importation of the unhappy Africans, seem to evince more of the solicitude of guilt, than of a hearty zeal, in defence of an honest cause.—To compare the negroes' case, and that of *horses*, is in the true spirit of a slave-holder; who by systematic degradation of the species, is almost induced to deny the negroes' humanity; and who is at once familiarised with treating them, and with estimating them as a brutalised race.

The unhappy state of these people in Africa, is believed. But is forcible transportation, and the most dreadful servitude known upon the face of the globe, the proper remedy? Of this the Blacks themselves are the proper judges, who seldom fail to signify their sorrows by every testimonial that nature prompts. If we compassionate Africa, let us endeavor to civilise it. Let peaceful, benevolent, and Christian embassies be the means of reclaiming the depravity and unhappiness of a numerous and important class of mankind. Let commerce of a legitimate kind, and the communication of the arts of civilised life, be the means of African amelioration.

The notion that *white men* cannot labor in the southern climates, and rice morasses, is surely an idle prejudice, scarcely deserving a serious refutation. In point of ability for activity and laborious exertions, either in cold or in warm latitudes, the constitutions of the European nations, yield in no respects to those of the negro, or of the savage nations. It has never been proved that the stamina of an Englishman are not equal to endure the heats of the tropical regions, either by water, or upon land, with those of any of the nations of those regions to at least a practicable degree, but rather, as experiment has tested, plainly the reverse. The reason why *a white man* cannot work in the rice grounds up to his knees in mud and water, is plainly, that *he won't.*

The certain death, as the writer intimates, which would straightway ensue, it is believed does much more certainly, actually ensue, from idleness, and fulness of bread,—the luxury and dissipation, that from slave keeping so naturally, and almost necessarily follow. Whilst the inhabitants of the northern states, are remarkable for their longevity and superior health, the southern, are remarkable for the reverse. And I have been long of the sentiment, that in point of salubrity of climate, situation has far less to do than *manners*.

The inequality of mankind calls for commiseration, and fellow-feeling, and is not to suggest the murderous idea of subjugation, in consequence of relative inferiority.—*To do as we would be done by*, is the principle that finally settles this controversy.—It was the Gospel that extinguished slavery in the ancient world, and it is the means, no doubt, ordained by a beneficent Providence, finally to exterminate it in the modern and new world.

S.

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FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

### LAURA'S TEAR.

How sweetly throbs my beating heart,
When from my Laura's lucent eye,
I see the glittering gem depart,—
The child of sensibility.

The beauties of her air and mien,
With more than mortal charms appear,
When mild compassion's form is seen
Distinctly in my Laura's tear.

When worth indignant seeks the shade
Of solitude, of want, and grief,
And no assisting hand's displayed
To yield the sufferer relief:

Too proud to court a haughty boon;
Too poor to spurn the humblest cheer;
Misfortune's glooms, that shroud his noon,
Ne'er fail to claim my Laura's tear.

As at the bed where Misery weeps,
She takes her philanthropic stand;

Or where some hapless orphan sleeps,
Unconscious of Want's iron hand;

The glow of pity which I trace,
Proclaims a feeling heart sincere;
And smiling angels guard the place,
That's hallow'd with my Laura's tear.

And when the child of guilt has flown,
To meet his retributive doom,
And *rigid* Virtue shuns the stone
That marks his solitary tomb;—

Her hand around will flow'rets strew
And o'er his grave the woodbine rear,
Moisten'd at eve with freshening dew,
And Laura's sympathetic tear.

ANGUS.

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FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

AMONG the diverse objects of the public attention, the subject of Vaccination lays claim to a distinguished place. It appears not too much to say, as has been said, that its discovery is the most momentous of the many discoveries that have been made during the lapse of the late century. As promising one day to banish, I had almost said, the unparalleled scourge, the small-pox, it seems to answer to J. Woolman's sentiment; who in reflecting on that disease as inflicted by a just Providence in judgment, suggested that when it should please the Divine Goodness to dispense to man the knowledge of an antidote to it, it might then be deemed to have answered its destination; when it would accordingly cease.—*Quere.* Would not something, on this subject, combining the latest information, from some of your learned correspondents, be an acceptable present to the public, and to your paper?

I send you the result of some experiments, that have lately been made in our neighbourhood. As you have signified that *science* is included within the purview of your plan, perhaps something by way of *experiment*, which is most to be relied on, may meet with your acceptance. Every additional proof may serve to disseminate the knowledge of so useful a truth, and to dissipate *those hesitations* in the minds of some, by which they are apparently deterred from availing themselves of the advantages of the Jennerian discovery.

It may not be amiss to add for the satisfaction of the friends of vaccination, that several physicians of the first character, are so impressed with the importance of the new disease, and with the mass of evidence that has been accumulated at home and abroad in its favor, that they have on principle refused to inoculate with the variolous, or small-pox matter, such as have importunately applied to them.—A disinterestedness alike honorable to the faculty, and to humanity.

In the 3d mo. last, a number of children of this village were inoculated with the vaccine matter, by the physician of the place;—and in the ensuing autumn, were introduced into the room, where a child lay sick, a few days previous to her death, when the effluvia were great. Four of the children were of three different families; and notwithstanding the exposure, have escaped the infection. A fifth child vaccinated, as aforesaid, has been inoculated with the small-pox matter; and it moreover smelled of the physician's vial, containing the variolous, and has also escaped infection. All which fully demonstrates that the cow-pox is an effectual preventive of the small-pox, either naturally taken, or by inoculation.

S.

*Haddonfield*, 12*th mo.* 24, 1804.

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FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

I thought my fate was drawing nigh
That I should undistinguish'd die;—
But find by RAKESTRAW I've been blest,
Who glean'd me up among the rest.—
No lucid interval had I,
Since you unnotic'd pass'd me by
In number two.—But now I see
My twinkling light in number three
Display'd, for public observation,
I feel returning animation;
And with my lustre, ere I slumber,
Will strive to *gild* another number.—
Have courage muse! thy aim pursue
To greet our friends with rev'rence due,
Then take a peep at ev'ry guest
And see who fills his station best.—
The object, that first strikes the sight,
Is TAPER's unextinguish'd light.
He seems t'have undergone a change,
And grown (tho' some may think it strange)
Inflammable, as first proof powder,
And in explosion, rather louder.
'Tis safest, not t'approach too near,
And prudent, to conceal our fear;
Therefore we'll pass him slyly by,
And see who next will meet our eye.
Our Jersey friend we recognize;—
The tears are show'ring from his eyes;
Heart rending sighs (to aid his tears)
Whose echoes will be heard for years,
He utter'd:—in his face deep fix'd
Was Grief with resignation mix'd—
And tho' they call him—LONGACOMING
He makes a most prodigious humming.
His Pegasus has labor'd hard,—
Has sometimes rack'd and sometimes jarr'd.
Those whom, in silence, we pass'd by,
We look'd at with respectful eye.
ANGUS, at thee I fondly gaz'd
And heard—with pleasure hear thee, prais'd;
For 'tis a fault I never knew
To envy praise to merit due.
Now for his *Editorial grace*,
Tho' "last not least" in any place.
He seems aware I write in haste,
And, sneeringly, commends my taste;
Thinks that solidity I lack,
And puts his thoughts in white and black.
Shall I, before I sleep a wink,
Prove that he has *no right* to think?
Or leave this task t'amuse the taper
And save at once time, ink and paper?—
Leave it to taper! who can tell
But that 'twill suit his genius well.
Now lest some one should me miscal,
I'll change my name to

JOG'EM ALL.

*Dec. 29th*, 1804.

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FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

ROBERT DODSLEY.

Various have been the surmises of the inquisitive, respecting the real author of the celebrated little tract, which has been very generally read, intitled "The Economy of human Life." Some have attributed it, on what grounds we know not, to the late earl of Chesterfield; but the intrinsic difference between his sentiments and those contained in the work in question, seems a sufficient refutation of this opinion.--And few, we believe, have thought it an oriental performance, though it was ushered into notice as such.

From a late elegant London edition, it appears, that the public now know the real author to have been Robert Dodsley; well known to the world, as the author and editor of several well received publications;—particularly the "Annual Register," and a collection of Fables.—Both these works are of deserved reputation, and with the last, readers in general, must be equally pleased and instructed by the happy display of taste and ingenuity. Whilst it is to be regretted that the author should have conceived the deceptious introduction necessary, with which the Economy of human Life first made its appearance; it is not to be dis-

guised, that the performance itself, is highly interesting, from the spirit of piety and wisdom which it breathes, and we suggest that an American edition in the best London style would probably be deemed an acceptable present to the public.

SELECTED FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

[NATURAL PHILOSOPHY will occasionally fill a portion of our paper, although we profess to be not very partial to high-soaring speculations and intricate disquisitions. We condemn the practice of mere system builders who pick and choose—nay sometimes hew and square, their own experiments to tally with pre-conceived notions; and we are in the habit of paying less deference to the opinions of such, than of those who, unshackled by the trammels of hypotheses, pursue their inquiries with a steady eye to the discoveries of truth.—Investigation of natural things, as well as the more important concerns of religion, require the mind to be free from all bias on the one hand, and from all prejudice on the other. And well would it be for the young and zealous student of Nature, if he might lay his hand upon the writings of those only who have been like minded. To these hints respecting the study of a dangerous, though at the same time it is acknowledged to be a lawful science, we shall add as a further caution, the opinion of Locke, who made much progress in, and was fully aware of the dangers attending the study of which we are now speaking.—"Natural philosophy, as a speculative science, I imagine, we have none, and, perhaps, I have reason to say, we never shall be able to make a science of it. The works of nature are contrived by a wisdom, and operate by ways too far surpassing our faculties to discover, or capacities to conceive, for us ever to be able to reduce them to a science."—And in another place, speaking of one of the phenomena of nature, he adds; "I think it impossible to be explained by any natural operation of matter, or any other law of motion, but *the positive will of a superior Being so ordering it.*"]

ON THE NATURE OF COLOURS.

The ignorance which prevailed respecting the true nature of colours, has occasioned frequent and violent disputes among philosophers, each of whom made an attempt to shine, by maintaining a peculiar opinion on the subject. The system which made colours to reside in the bodies themselves, appeared to them too vulgar and too little worthy of a philosopher, who ought always to soar above the multitude. Because the clown imagines that one body is red, another blue, and another green, the philosopher could not distinguish himself better than by maintaining the contrary; and he accordingly affirms, that there is nothing real in colours, and that there is nothing in bodies relative to them.

The Newtonians make colours to consist in rays only, which they distinguish into red, yellow, green, blue, and violet; and they tell us that a body appears of such and such a colour, when it reflects rays of that species. Others, to whom this opinion seemed absurd, pretend that colours only exist in ourselves. This is an admirable way to conceal ignorance; the vulgar might otherwise believe that the scholar was not better acquainted with the nature of colours than themselves. But you will readily, perceive that these affected refinements are mere cavil. Every simple colour, (in order to distinguish from compound colours) depends on a certain number of vibrations, which are performed in a certain time; so that the number of vibrations made in a second, determines the red colour, another the yellow, another the green, another the blue, and another the violet, which are the simple colours represented to us in the rainbow.

If then, the particles of the surface of certain bodies are disposed in such a manner, that being agitated, they make in a second as many vibrations, as are necessary to produce, for example, the red colour, I call such a body red, just as the clown does; and I see nothing like a reason for deviating from the common mode of expression. And rays which make such a number of vibrations in a second, may, with equal propriety, be denominated red rays; and finally, when the optic nerve is affected by these same rays, and receives from them a number of impulsions, sensibly equal in a second, we receive the sensation of the red colour. Here every thing is clear; and I see no necessity, for introducing dark and mysterious phrases, which really mean nothing.

The parallel between sound and light is so perfect, that it hits even in the minutest circumstances. When I produced the phenomenon of a musical chord, which may be excited into vibration by the resonance of certain sounds, you will please to recollect, that the one which gives the unison of the chord in question, is the most proper to shake it, and that other sounds affect it only in proportion as they are in consonance with it. It is exactly the same as to light and colours; for the different colours correspond to the different musical sounds.

In order to display this phenomenon, which completely confirms my assertion, let a dark room be provided; make a small aperture in one of the shutters; before which, at some distance, place a body of a certain colour, say a piece of red cloth, so that when it is illuminated, its rays may enter by the aperture in the darkened room. The rays thus transmitted into the room will be red, all other light being excluded: and if you hold on the inside of the room opposite to the aperture, a piece of cloth of the same colour, it will be perfectly illuminated, and its red colour will appear very brilliant, but if you substitute in its place a piece of green cloth, it will remain obscure, and you will hardly see any thing of its colour. If you place on the outside, before the aperture, a piece of green cloth, that within the chamber will be perfectly illumined by the rays of the first, and its green colour appear very lively. The same holds good as to all other colours; and I do not imagine that a more convincing demonstration of the truth of my system can be demanded.

We learn from it, that, in order to illuminate a body of a certain colour, it is necessary that the rays which fall upon it should have the same colour; those of a different colour not being capable of agitating the particles of that body. This is farther confirmed by well-known experiment. When the spirit of wine is set on fire in a room, you know that the flame of spirit of wine is blue, that it produces only blue rays, and that every person in the room appears very pale, their faces, though painted ever so deep, have the aspect of death: the reason is evident; the blue rays not being capable of exciting and putting in motion the red colour of the face, you see on it only a feeble and blueish colour; but if one of the company is dressed in blue, such dress will appear uncommonly brilliant. Now the rays of the sun, those of a wax taper, or of a common candle, illuminate all bodies almost equally; from whence it is concluded, that the rays of the sun contain all colours at once, though he himself appears yellowish.

In truth, when you admit into a dark room the rays of all the simple colours, red, yellow, green, blue, and violet, in nearly equal quantities, and blend them, they represent a whitish colour. The same experiment is made with various powders, coloured in like manner; on being

mixed together, a whitish colour is the result. Hence it is concluded, that white is nothing less than a simple colour; but that it is a compound of all the simple colours; accordingly we see that white is adapted for the reception of all colours. As to black, it is not properly a colour. Every body is black, when its particles are such, that they can receive no motion of vibration, or when it cannot produce rays. The want of rays therefore, produces the sensation of that colour; and the more particles there are found in any body not susceptible of any motion of vibration on its surface, the more blackish and obscure it appears.

EULER.

—

TO HOPE.

O thou! advance, whose heav'nly light
Can make each scene of sadness please;
On future bliss can fix the sight,
And anguish change to ease.

'Tis thou, sweet Hope, of race divine,
Who bid'st the Poet's thoughts aspire;
Thou breath'st thy influence o'er each line,
And add'st celestial fire.

Thou bid'st his anxious bosom glow,
To climb the steep ascent of fame;
To share that praise the just bestow,
And gain a deathless name.

The Painter, fir'd by thee, can trace
Each genuine beauty Nature gives,
As on the canvass shines each grace,
Renown'd his mem'ry lives.

'Tis thou, sweet Hope, whose magic pow'r,
The griefs of absence best can calm;
While Friendship chides each loit'ring hour,
Thou shed'st thy soothing balm.

Thou mak'st the captive's heart rejoice
In gloomy regions of despair;
In thought he hears fair Freedom's voice,
And breathes in purer air.

But oh! when thou forsak'st his breast,
What dismal horrors round him rise!
His mind, with weightier chains oppress,
Deep sunk in sorrow lies.

The sailor on the wat'ry waste,
While boist'rous waves terrific roar,
Thou bid'st ideal pleasures taste,
And tread his native shore.

The wretch whom keen remorse assails,
Or he who feels Misfortune's dart,
His hapless fate no more bewails,
Such joy thy beams impart.

When life presents her closing scene,
Thy radiant sunshine cheers the soul;
'Tis thou, bright Hope, with smile serene,
Canst Fear's dread hand controul.

No mist obstructs thy piercing sight,
Thou b'd'st the mind her greatness know;
Soaring, thou point'st to realms of light,
And scorn'st to rest below.

BENTLEY.

—

*Memoirs of the life of Catherine Macaulay Graham.*

CATHERINE, says the writer of her life, found nothing to interest her attention in her sister's pursuits; active and curious she thirsted for knowledge, and her dolls could give her no information. The books which were put into her hands entertained her for a time, while they interested her imagination, and gratified her taste for novelty: but at length she became satiated with fairy tales and romances, which afforded not aliment sufficiently substantial to satisfy the cravings of her inquiring mind.—Having found her way into her father's well furnished library, she became her own purveyor, and rioted in intellectual luxury. Every hour of the day, which no longer hung heavy upon her hands, was now occupied and improved. She first made choice of the periodical writers, the Spectator, Guardian, &c. who, in treating of morals and manners, led her to reflection, while they opened and strengthened her mind. As she advanced in age, her studies took a wider range; she grew attached to history, and dwelt with delight and ardour on the annals of the Greek and Roman republics. Their laws and manners interested her understanding, the spirit of patriotism seized her, and she became an enthusiast in the cause of freedom. The heroic characters and actions with which this period of history is intermingled and enlivened, seldom fail to captivate the affections of a youthful and uncorrupted heart. All other books were thrown aside; history became her darling passion, and liberty the idol of her imagination. Rollin's Ancient History, and his Account of the Roman Republic, first lighted up that spark in her mind, which afterwards blazed with so much fervour and splendour, and which gave the tone to her sentiments and character through the subsequent periods of her life. To a spirit thus excited, retirement, by concentrating its force, added strength: the world, with its lax principles and vicious habits, had not yet broken in upon the gay mistakes of the just expanding heart, enamoured of truth and virtue, and ignorant of the difficulties which retard and obstruct their progress.—

Oh youth! the lovely source of generous errors!

From early habits of seclusion, it became the choice of Catherine: ordinary amusements and occupations were tasteless to a spirit wrought to higher views and purposes: great delicacy, talents, and sensibility, united in the female, rarely fail to inspire a distaste for common intercourse. From the world of frivolity, flattery, and dissipation, she shrunk back to a more improving world of her own. In the course of her historical studies, the pictures of vice and turpitude which occasionally presented themselves, while they roused her indignation, excited the astonishment of her inexperienced heart: the feelings of which were called forth, exercised, and exalted. The history of the despotism and tyranny of a few individuals, and the slavish subjection of uncounted millions, their passive acquiesence, their sufferings, and their wrongs, appeared to her a moral problem, which she had no instruments to solve. She had yet to learn the force of prescription, of habit, and of association, the imitative and progressive nature of the human mind, and the complicated springs by which it is set in motion. She deeply reflected on the subject of government, with its influence on the happiness and virtue of mankind: she became anxious that the distance should be diminished that separates man from man; and to see extended over the whole human race those enlightened sentiments, equal laws, and equitable decisions, that might restore to its due proportion a balance so ill adjusted, and combine with the refinement of a more advanced age, the simplicity and virtue of the earlier periods. Fraught with these ideas, and with a heart glowing with good-will toward her species, she took up her pen, and gave to the most interesting portion of the history of her country a new spirit and interest.

A female historian, by its singularity, could not fail to excite attention; she seemed to have stepped out of the province of her sex; curiosity was sharpened, and malevolence provoked. The author was attacked by petty and personal scurrilities, to which it was believed her sex would render her vulnerable. Her talents and powers could not be denied;

her beauty was therefore called in question, as if it was at all concerned with the subject; or that, to instruct our understandings, it was necessary at the same time to charm our senses. "She is deformed (said her adversaries, wholly unacquainted with her person,) she is unfortunately ugly, she despairs of distinction and admiration as a woman, she seeks, therefore, to encroach on the province of man.

"These were the notions," said a lady (Mrs. Arnold) afterwards intimately connected with the historian, "that I was led to entertain of Mrs. Macaulay, previous to my introduction to her acquaintance. Judge then of my surprise, when I saw a woman elegant in her manners, delicate in her person, and with features, if not perfectly beautiful, so fascinating in their expression, as deservedly to rank her face among the higher order of human countenances. Her height was above the middle size, inclining to tall; her shape slender and elegant; the contour of her face, neck, and shoulders, graceful. The form of her face was oval, her complexion delicate, and her skin fine; her hair was of a mild brown, long, and profuse; her nose between the Roman and the Grecian; her mouth small, her chin round, as was the lower part of her face, which made it appear to more advantage in front than in profile. Her eyes were beautiful as imagination can conceive, full of penetration and fire, but their fire was softened by the mildest beams of benevolence; their colour was a fine dark hazel, and their expression the indication of a superior soul. Infirm health, too often the attendant on an active and highly cultivated understanding, gave to her countenance an extreme delicacy, which was peculiarly interesting.—To this delicacy of constitution was added a most amiable sensibility of temper, which rendered her feelingly alive to whatever concerned those with whom she was connected either by nature or by friendship."

In her friendship, we are told by this lady, Mrs. Macaulay was fervent, disinterested, and sincere; zealous for the prosperity, and for the moral improvement, of those whom she distinguished and loved. She was earnest, constant, and eloquent, in her efforts for rectifying the principles, and enlarging the minds, of her friends and connections. It was her favorite maxim, that universal benevolence, and a liberal way of thinking, were not only essential to the freedom and welfare of society, but to individual virtue, enjoyment, and happiness. There was no arrogance in her exhortations and counsels; her accents were not less mild and persuasive, than her reasoning was energetic and forcible. "In the course," says her friend, from whose communications the present account is extracted, "of my acquaintance with this most intelligent and amiable woman, I had an opportunity of studying every part of her character."

Towards the latter end of the year 1777, she was ordered by her physicians to the south of France, for the benefit of her health; in which journey Mrs. Arnold accompanied her. A low nervous fever, to which she was subject, had debilitated her frame, without deducting either from the force or activity of her mind. Nothing, during this excursion, escaped her observation; her conversation and remarks were at once acute and profound.

After crossing the sea, on which she was severely exhausted by sickness, she rested two days at Calais, where she soon experienced, from the change of air, and possibly from the sea sickness itself, a salutary effect. Her fever seemed to have left her, and she suffered in the remainder of her journey to Paris but little inconvenience. She was greatly struck with the different appearance of the inhabitants of the two countries, as also with the face of the country itself. Between Calais and Paris, she looked in vain for the healthy and well-fed peasant, the beautiful and luxuriant meadows, the cultivated farms, and comfortable farm-houses, of her native island. Despotism had palsied the hand of industry: an indigent and miserable people appeared thinly scattered over wild and dreary plains. The reflections she made on this occasion, raised in her opinion the country she had quitted; where, in comparative freedom, commerce and the arts grew and flourished. She praised, and quoted, the sentiments and remarks of Dr. Smollet on the same subject. The travellers stopped one day at Chantilly, where they met two of their friends, and where they had an opportunity of observing a royal residence, and contrasting it with the wretchedness which they had so recently witnessed. Mrs. Macaulay was not in a state of health to bear the fatigue of inspecting the palace. To Dr. Nash, one of the gentlemen whom she met at Chantilly, and who would, with apparent satisfaction, have described to her the curiosities and magnificence of the prince's residence, she replied (after thanking him courteously for the trouble he was about to give himself,) that she would spare him the repetition, since she could receive no pleasure in hearing of the splendour of one mortal, while the misery of thousands pressed upon her recollection.

As they proceeded towards the capital, the face of the country, and the looks of its inhabitants, gradually improved; but, at the first post-house at which they stopped to change horses, the feelings of the travellers were again excited by the objects which, crowding around their carriage, clamorously implored their charitable donations, while they exhibited in their persons and squalid appearance every variety of want and of human wretchedness. "My God! my God!" exclaimed Mrs. Macaulay, with a benevolent enthusiasm, bursting into tears, "have mercy on the works of thine own hand!" She made her servant distribute to them each three livres, and divided among them the provisions she had in the carriage. For some miles after this incident, she preserved silence; at length, taking the hand of her fellow-traveller in hers—"you, my dear friend," said she, "saw yesterday the habitation of the prince of Conde, and his family at dinner."—She paused, unable to proceed, but by a look that conveyed her meaning more eloquently than words.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

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### AUTUMNAL SCENE.

ONE beauteous girl, amid th'affrighted train,
With calmer foot-steps paced the deluged plain,
An orphan, whom, her little stores to share,
A village matron train'd with tender care.
How fair the little maid, her mind how sweet,
Each rustic tongue would o'er and o'er repeat;
'Twas her's to charm, in sober talk or play,
Joy of the grave, and darling of the gay!
The rural sage, as at his cottage door
He sat and mus'd on pleasures then no more,
Lov'd to behold the gentle listener near;
And win with story long her youthful ear:
While as th'alluring tales her mind engage,
Her tender features wear the thought of age.
No sports her young companions joy'd to taste,
Except her frolick smiles the gambol grac'd;
But now, subdued by terror's potent pow'r
They left their partner in the dang'rous hour.
Trembling she sought a shelt'ring spot to gain,
Safe from the beating of th'o'erwhelming rain.
At length o'ergrown with tangled brushwood round,
A shady bank the little wand'rer found;
Here her faint limbs she rests—high o'er her head,
Its rich embow'ring boughs an oak outspread;

The bloom grows fainter on her lovely cheeks,
Yet her mild look a patient rev'rence speaks:
One trembling hand grasps half her grainy prize,
Half, dropp'd beneath her feet, forsaken lies;
One folds her mantle o'er her shiv'ring form,
While her blue eye, upturn'd, surveys the storm.
It pours around—the driving clouds and rain
In one dim hue conjoin skies, trees, and plain;
Oft the rude blast assails her features fair,
Tossing with cruel rage her golden hair—
Rain-drops and hail in drifts successive beat,
Cold, keen, and pointed on her unshod feet;
Sedate she sits—she fears, but not despairs;
Her tender breast a magic corslet wears;
There innocence has fix'd her hallow'd seat,
And taught the heart with holy hope to beat.
Ah! what, when nature thus terrific lours,
And, awful, wakes her elemental pow'rs;
When danger, clad in horrors, from his hand
Hurls the dire bolt, and darts the fiery brand;
When all creation, in a pause, attends,
And dread destruction from on high descends:
Ah! what can still the tott'ring throb of fear
But the sweet hope that Guardian Pow'r is near?
That He who rules the *storm*, will deign to spread
His heavenly buckler o'er the guiltless head?

—

[We have seen a pamphlet entitled; "an attempt to shew the inconsistency of stage entertainments with the profession of Christianity," which appears to have been written with an honest zeal for religion. And as we are willing to aid a good cause by leaning against such vain practices and idle diversions, we have upon request, made a few extracts in hopes that it is not too late to raise the standard against a species of dissoluteness so pregnant with evil.]

I MAKE no apology for intruding on the public with these remarks, yet am not insensible how much they fall short of what has been before done by others, with too little success; but how much worse things might have been, if no check had been given to the stage, we know not. And as publications of plays and invitations to the performances are frequently repeated, it seems to me that any who apprehend their baneful effects to society, have at least an equal right with players to shew their opinion, and propose entertainments more becoming the dignity of man, more conducive to his well-being and comfort in this world, and by answering the end of his creation, in the discharge of moral and religious duties, to secure a habitation in that life which is to come.

I will freely acknowledge myself unequal to detailing many of the representations of the stage, and were I qualified for such a task, it would defile my pages and put modesty to the blush. We need not attend the theatre, we need not read play books, to know that the whole spirit and tendency of the stage, is opposed to the whole nature and effects of the gospel, the scraps which swarm in various publications give a sufficient sample; the very advertisements and posted bills, are often sufficiently intelligent to discover that the theatre is no school for a Christian, nor for any man that has entered into solemn covenant, to "live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world."

It will probably be queried if plays, or the attendance of them be any where expressly forbid in the scripture: I think clearly so—for if the spirit and conduct which constitute a thing be unlawful, then the thing itself so constituted, must be unlawful, though it be not named otherwise, than in its constituent parts. Who that attends to common sense, will say that a lawful house can be built of prohibited materials; or that a piece of machinery may be lawful (when not expressly mentioned in an act of parliament) notwithstanding, the main spring and all the dependent movements are expressly forbidden; would such a weak subterfuge elude the law? If then, swearing, lying, lightness, vanity, jesting, wantonness, immodesty, in discourse, habit, and gesture, be unlawful or forbid to Christians, who by that name are professing to bear the cross and to follow the self-denying way of Christ. I say, if these things are separately unlawful, then a conjunction of them is unlawful in a higher degree. The entertainments of the stage are therefore more clearly and explicitly forbid, than if the playhouse had been mentioned, which is an indefinite term, and our ingenious actors or managers, could soon have given it a new name, if they might thereby carry on their old trade more securely. But the prohibition is not to the assembling at a house of any particular name, but to a conversation and deportment unbecoming the gospel, under what name soever, and in what place soever it be, and seeing that plays are acted both in word and gesture contrary to the precepts and example of Christ and his Apostles, the use of them is clearly forbid to Christians both by him and them.

There is one common subterfuge of players and auditors, on which, though it deserves little notice, I may bestow a few words. They pretend that it is the corruptions of the stage, by the introduction of improper subjects, that is objectionable; that the stage in a reformed state, affords rational entertainment, and is a means of conveying useful instruction, and putting vice out of countenance.

But is it not time enough to try the soundness of this reasoning, when a reformation really takes place? If it be proved that the stage has been profane and immodest above two thousand years past, and continues so, we must take it as it is, and not as it might be, for it cannot be denied but that the proprietors and managers of the stage, have had sufficient time to reform it. It is therefore fair to conclude, that either the nature of the entertainment doth not admit of a reform, or that there is no disposition in the managers to effect it, well knowing that a reformed stage (were such a thing practicable) would produce a thin attendance, and consequently small income.

But let the most unexceptionable historical piece be examined, and I will venture to say, that however innocent the original may have been, there will be found something in the representation, in word or gesture, inconsistent with Christian sobriety; and how should it be otherwise, (let the subject be ever so serious) when one man attempts to mimic another, especially when the actors are so trained and practised in subjects of dissipation, extravagance and immodesty? "Who then can bring a clean thing out of an unclean"—the answer is, "not one."*

Neither can it be supposed that men and women habituated to mimic all characters, have a just sense of any character; thence it follows, that neither vice nor virtue is represented in true colours.

A gentleman who lately dined with some of his friends, being willing to rally two that sat next him, exclaimed—"Well! how prettily am I fixed between two taylors!"—"I perceive it," replied a wag who sat opposite; "but they ought not to be ridiculed; for they appear to be young in business and so very poor—that they keep but one *goose* between them."

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### SYMPTOMS OF SELF IMPORTANCE.

As I am an idle man, and live in the vicinity of Bath, I spend many of my

* Job xiv. 4.

mornings in traversing the streets and public walks of that beautiful city. The magnificence of the many elegant buildings and the cheerfulness of the scene, soothe the imagination and tranquillise the spirits. Yet I find the calm composure of my mind frequently interrupted, and my nerves unpleasantly irritated by the haughty and fastidious looks of those I meet.

Though I will not subscribe to the infallibility of Lavater's system of physiognomy; yet the feelings of every one, without any rules, may interpret the sentiments of most people from the air and cast of their countenances.

Man is by nature sociable and friendly to man; and when there is no opposition of interests, rarely harbours any malicious or hostile disposition against his fellow-creatures. Whence then are those unfriendly, contemptuous and repulsive airs which we continually meet with in those with whom we have no connection, and whom we have never injured nor offended? who survey us with such a supercilious, disdainful mien, as if they questioned our right to exist in the same district; or even on the face of the same globe with themselves.

I sometimes meet a man so stately in his deportment; so haughty in his look, with such an air of defiance in his whole manner, that I shrink from his appearance, and feel myself annihilated in his presence. Yet, on recovering from my dismay, and reflecting on the limited power and capacity of every human being, I find probably, on inquiry, the real character of this illustrious personage: that his pompous air conceals a mean spirit, and that the solemn countenance is only a veil for his ignorance and insignificance.

Such are many of those colossal figures who seem to 'bestride the world, and under whose legs, as it were, we petty mortals must peep about,' to find a loop-hole to pass by them, without being crushed against the wall, or jostled into the kennel.

One man, whom I have met, perhaps, at a third place, assumes a reserved and distant air, lest I should claim him as an acquaintance.* Another man, with eyes fixed, looks straight forwards, and though our elbows almost touch, seems unconscious that any one is near him, or at least worth his notice.

A third is near-sighted; and though we have met, perhaps, on various occasions, has not the honor to recollect my name.

I remember a stout fellow, with a most terrific countenance, who, if he met a man strutting along in sublime contemplation of his own importance, and a sovereign contempt of all around him, would, on a sudden, run up to him, turn his large white eyes upon him, and cry, Boh! This, it may be supposed, often involved him in a scuffle, or rough rencounter; but generally raised a laugh at the expense of the haughty despot.

A proud look is an insult on the public. Pride was not made for man: nor for woman neither. Yet—I have seen a fair spinster, rather past her bloom, who has been conversing with a polite smile in the midst of two or three gentlemen; but on the appearance of a young nymph in the glossy lustre of fifteen, assume an haughty air, and survey the blushing harmless virgin with such a murderous aspect, that I have been alarmed for the consequences.

What then do I expect from those whom I meet in public, and who certainly have a right to *look*, as well as to *act*, as they please, in defiance of my assumed censorial authority?

Why, I expect that every man should look with an air of kindness and benignity on all mankind; or, at least, not to assume an hostile or menacing aspect towards those who have never injured nor offended him.

Let a man of rank or distinction assume the dignity becoming his station and character; but let not those who have no rank, nor, perhaps, any character, to distinguish them from the vulgar, affect that superiority, which is an affront to every one they meet, and which will not easily be allowed them in a country of true liberty, and where education and virtue make the only real distinction; and where men will not be imposed upon or kept in awe by a solemn appearance or arrogant pretentions.

A friend of mine, when he meets a man of this description, snaps his fingers at him, and ejaculates a scrap of Latin after him, *Non hujus te facio!* I do not care *this* for you!

For my own part, as I love all mankind, I rather pity than resent the folly of this theatrical hero, who 'struts and frets' his hour upon the stage, and then is seen no more.'

[*Graves's Serilities.*

* The Tepino-phoby, or 'dread of low acquaintance,' prevails more in Bath, perhaps, than in any other public place in Europe.

ANECDOTE OF JOHN BACON, ESQ. R. A.

"At the time he was putting up the monument of Lord Chatham, a minister, to whom B. was an utter stranger, was walking through the Abbey, and coming unseen, tapped him on the shoulder, saying, "Take care what you are about, you work for eternity," alluding to the story of Zeuxis. It happened the next morning that B. heard this gentleman deliver a discourse from the pulpit, and watching him in his passage to the vestry, he came behind him, and tapping him in a similar manner, said, "Take care what you are about—*you* work for eternity."

## USEFUL GLEANINGS.

### DUELLING.

At a late meeting of the Cincinnati of the State of New-York, the following interesting and excellent letter from the Honorable Charles Cotesworth Pinckney was read, and committed: the Report, which follows it, was made at their last meeting, and highly to the credit of the members, *unanimously adopted.*

*Charleston, (S. C.) August* 8, 1804.

SIR,

With deep affliction I received the account of our irreparable loss by the death of our President General. This deplorable event has been suitably felt and lamented in this part of the Union, even by those who were not personally acquainted with him, and who did not coincide with him in politics. By me, who have witnessed his calm intrepidity and heroic valor on trying occasions, and was acquainted with his transcendant abilities and amiable qualities, and honored with his particular friendship, his loss is most poignantly felt, and his memory will be ever most affectionately revered. Is there no way of abolishing, throughout the union, this absurd and barbarous custom, to the observance of which he fell a victim? Duelling is no criterion of bravery, for I have seen cowards fight duels; and I am convinced real courage may often be better shewn in the refusal than in the acceptance of a challenge. If the Society of Cincinnati were to declare their abhorrence of this practice, and the determination of all their members to discourage it as far as they had influence, and on no account either to send or accept a challenge, it might tend to annul this odious custom, and would be a tribute of respect to the sentiments and memory of our late illustrious chief. If the State Society of

New-York should coincide with me in opinion, I should be glad to have their sentiments how best to carry it into execution, whether by submitting it to a meeting of the General Society at New-York, Philadelphia, or Baltimore; or by referring the matter at once to the different State Societies for their consideration.

I have this day received your favor of the 25th of July, and am much obliged to the State Society and yourself for it. With sentiments of great respect, I have the honor to be, your most obedient servant,

CHARLES C. PINCKNEY, V. P. C. S. C.

Colonel W. S. SMITH, President of the New York State Society Cincinnati.

REPORT.

The Committee appointed on the subject of General Pinckney's letter, beg leave to report the following resolutions with a draft of an answer to said letter.

The Society deeply regretting the prevalence of duelling, a practice which they reprobate as a heinous violation of the laws of God and of their country, as derogatory to the principles of true honor, and as fraught with private and public misery, *do resolve:*

1st. That this Society highly approve of the sentiments expressed in the letter of their Vice President General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, and will take every proper means to discountenance and abolish the mode of settling disputes by duel or single combat.

2. That if any member of this Society shall be hereafter concerned in a duel, either as a principal or as an accessary, he shall be expelled the Society.

3. That a copy of these resolutions shall be sent to the Societies of the Cincinnati in the several States, that the delegates from this Society to the next General Convention, be instructed to endeavor to obtain the adoption of these or similar resolutions, and that they be published at present in all the newspapers in this city, signed by the President, and countersigned by the Secretary of this Society.

*By order of the Society.*

EBEN'R STEVENS, Vice-President.

## *SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.*

FOREIGN.—The blockade of Brest has been resumed by admiral Cornwallis. The whole of the channel fleet have taken their usual station off Ushant and that harbour. ——Some misunderstanding it is said subsists between the cabinets of Stockholm and Copenhagen.——According to the report of four Dutch deserters, Bonaparte had sent positive orders to the French commodore at Ferrol to sail for Brest, even though he should be obliged to fight his way through the British cruizers. The squadron would, in consequence, have already left Ferrol, had not an aid-de-camp of the Spanish minister of marine, arrrived from Cadiz with dispatches, which induced him to wait for further instructions from France. These Dutchmen assert, that the greatest anarchy and confusion prevail all over Spain; that an insurrection, which began near Bilboa, has extended to the neighbouring provinces; and that the insurgents amounted to upwards of 60,000 men, and were daily increasing. This latter report was confirmed by an American captain from Corunna, who added, that the leaders of the insurrection are Spaniards, formerly in the French service, and young men educated in France. The common belief among all classes of people is, that the dissolution of the Spanish monarchy, or at least a general revolution, is at hand. This conjecture must appear a very fair one to those who are acquainted with a people so ignorant as the Spaniards are, so long deluded as they have been, and so tormented as they appear to be by famine and disease.

DOMESTIC.

*Extract of a Letter from a Member of Congress.*

"CITY OF WASHINGTON, Dec. 31, 1804.

"We have this moment received, and heard read by the clerk, a letter from Mr. O'Brien, our late consul at Algiers, addressed to Mr. Gavino, our consul at Gibraltar; the substance of which is, that in the three attacks made by commodore Preble, against Tripoli, on the 3d, 13th, and 29th August, he had taken and destroyed six gun boats, killed several hundred of the enemy, and taken one hundred prisoners.

On the night of the 1st September, another attack had been made on the vessels in the harbour, in which a fire ship, which was sent forward among the vessels, unfortunately took fire before the people on board had cleared themselves, and blew them all into atoms. In her were lost capt. Somers, lieut. Wadsworth, son of the member of our house, and midshipman Israel, (Izard) who, I understand, is from South Carolina.

Captain Barron did not arrive off Tripoli until the 9th of September, which was unfortunately too late in the season, to permit him to keep the gun boats and corsairs in our employ any longer on that dangerous coast.—Of course our hopes of reducing the Tripolitans to our terms, for this season, are lost, and it is apprehended, I find by our consul, that our unfortunate countrymen will have to remain longer than we had heretofore hoped, in their confinement. It does not appear by the communication, that any terms had been proposed by the Tripolitans."

[*Pol. & Com. Reg.*

*TO CORRESPONDENTS.*

It was ever the wish of "the Editor to appropriate a portion of the Fire-Side, to the poetical department of original and *selected* pieces." He has endeavored to measure out as much of poetry, as would fill a page, but has not thought it so proper to devote an entire page uniformly to it. Taste, as well as convenience, seems to justify the arrangement adopted of mingling prose and poetry. ——Well selected pieces will always engage our attention, and we shall be pleased to be aided in this part of the work, by those who have leisure and judgment to glean interesting matter for the Evening Fire-Side.

We *think*, that PHOSPHORUS has changed his name with "more rhyme than reason;" we would hint, that he is in danger of being classed, not merely as a hasty, but a careless writer: we are afraid that he is not sparing enough of the taper, which he will recollect, served to kindle his fire; and we advise him, to drop this subject, before it becomes so hot as to burn his fingers; for we *still think*, that he will find Taper more than a *match*.

VAROLA'S two requests were *untimely*.—The pages were already made up. It would be well for our correspondents to make their communications *early*. Proper arrangement and correctness in the printing, require, that all communications should be lodged in our hands, five days prior to the day on which our paper issues from the press.

*For the Evening Fire-side.*

TO THE EDITOR.

*Neighbour Ed.*

I'm quite surpris'd that you invite
So dull and dangerous a *light*
As PHOS, our snug "fire-side" to share,
And introduce ill manners there;
For, neighbour, you may plainly see
His downright *insincerity*.
He promises to play "no caper;"
Nor "spit upon" our friend, the "Taper,"—
When lo! within a moment's space,
He flatly spits in Taper's face.—
Such want of manners, I am sure,
Your fire-side friends will ne'er endure;
So try to cure his "scribling itch"
And I'll be aiding with

A SWITCH.

*Chimney Corner,*
*past* 10.—

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